THE ELM CITY ELEVATOR.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

I have had an occasional request to reproduce and save from oblivion a sermon that went the round of the southern press some fifty years ago and was known as the "Harp of a Thousand Strings." Not long ago I quoted a paragraph from it and a friend writes me from East Feliciana, La., and says that the author of that quaint old sermon lived and died in that parish and his daughters and grandchildren live there now and are his near neighbors. Strange to say the author was a minister of the gospel, sober, serious, solemn and devoted to his calling and for a long time it was not known that the humorous writings over the signature of "Zedekiah the Scribe" came from his gifted pen. But some preachers can't help seeing and enjoying the ludicrous side of human nature. Sidney Smith, the famous English divine, was as solemn as the grave on solemn occasions, but he inhaled a great deal of merriment without a smile. He provoked others to the most convulsive laughter, but gave no sign save in the twinkle of his eyes. Judge Longstreet, the eminent jurist, the learned preacher, the dignified president of two colleges and a university and the author of "Georgia Scenes," was of similar type. I met him often during my youth, and do not recall that he indulged in a humorous anecdote. The last time I met him was during the war in the office of The Columbus Enquirer, when he indulged in bitter sarcasm against some Georgians whom he called traitorous obstructionists. I could hardly imagine that he it was who molded the inimitable characters of Ned Brace and Ransey Sniffle. Johns Hooper was not a preacher, but always a sedate and very dignified gentleman. He was secretary of the embryo confederacy that assembled in Montgomery and there was no sign of "Simon Suggs" or "Taking the Census" in his solemn deportment. My observation has been that the best story tellers and conversationalists have the least inclination to write or publish their own scintillations. It was common to say of my old partner, "Oh! rare Judge Underwood," but I could never induce him to put pen to paper in that line. He said that a good story or a flash of wit and humor lost its relish by writing it, for the tone of voice, the accent, the piquancy, the facial expressions could not be recorded.

When the Rev. J. T. Lewis wrote this sermon it was not uncommon for amateur preachers to perform up and down the western rivers and thus advertise their business, which was principally flat boating and peddling their produce. Lorenzo Dow took continental journeys from Maine to Texas, but he was a pretty good orthodox preacher. These flat boat preachers were a rough and tumble set and tangled up the scriptures awfully, but they could draw the crowds and their whiskey was a good card. It was an orthodox product then and preachers and the people were as fond of it as old Father Noah, who was a preacher of righteousness. Rev. Mr. Lewis does not give this preacher's name, but his sermon has been sent me by my friend and I give it to your readers as it was given to me. When it first came forth we thought it inexpressibly funny. It is not so funny now to the old people, but the younger generation are more easily amused than the veterans and for their sake I append it. A pretty school girl recited it last week at the commencement exercises of our public school and she did it well and brought down the house.

This sermon was said to have been preached at Port Hudson, where the amateur divine had "tied up" for the double purpose of observing the Sabbath and selling whiskey.

I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an edicated man, an' I am not one of them as believes that edication is necessary for a gospel minister, for I believe the Lord edicates His preachers just as He wants 'em to be edicated; an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the state of Indianny, where I live, thar's no man as gets bigger congregations nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here today, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you, my brethering, that I'm a Hard Shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard Shell Baptists, but I had rather have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to today, my brethering, dressed up in good clothes; you must think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethring, and although I have been a preacher of the gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm capt'in of the flat boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethring, ah.

I am not gwine to tell edzactly whar my text may be found; suffice it to say it is in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere between the first chapter of the book Generations, and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you will go search the scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texes as will do you good to read, and my tex, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus, ah:

"And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made perfect."

My tex, my brethering, leads me to speak of sperits. Now, thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fuss place, thar's the sperits some folks call ghosts, and thar's the sperits of turpentine, and thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, and I've got as good an artikel of them kind of sperits on my flat boat as ever was foch down the Mississippi river; but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits for the tex says: "He played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits of jest men made perfect." And thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fuss place thar's the common old sort of fire, and then there's foxfire, and camphire, fire before you are ready and fire and fall back and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex says. "He played on the harp of a thousand strings, sperits of jest men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is spoken of in the Bible, my brethering, is Hell Fire! and that's the kind of fire as a great many of you'll come to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for "He played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits of jest men made perfeck." And that's the kind of fire you can't dodge, my brethering, ah, for its the fire that won't be quenched. You may fly to mountains of Hepsidan, where the woodbine twineth and the lion roareth and the whangadoodle mourneth for its first born, but you can't hide from the unsquenchable fire, for it is the fire of hell and damnation, ah! And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made perfeck.

Now as there are many kinds of sperits and many kinds of fire, ah! in the world, ah! jes so there are many kinds of Christians, ah! In the fuss place we have the Piscopalians, and they are a high-sailin', high-roostin', hifalutin set, ah! and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard that flies up into the air, ah! and he goes up, and up, and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he comes down, and down, and down, goes to fillin' hisself on the carkiss of a dead hoss by the side of the road, ah! and "He played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits of jest men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methodis, ah! They may be likened unto the squirrel runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis beleeves in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up, and up, and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he comes kerflumix, and that's like Methodis, for they is allers fallin from grace, ah! "And he played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

And thar is the Presbyterians, my brethering, with their long frock coats and high shirt collars and dismal swamp faces, but they never cleared no new ground nor burnt no bresh nor deadened no timber, nor killed no bars. They always waits for us hard shells to do that and settle up the wilderness and then they will slip in and go to plantin' and put on heavenly airs and claim to be the only people that are elected and shore of eternal salvation—and they play on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made perfeck.

And then, my brethring, thar's the Baptists, ah! And they have been likened to a 'possum on a simmon tree, and the thunders may roll and the earth may quake, and the lions roar and the whangadoodle mourn, but the 'possum clings thar still, ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and clings and he clings furever, ah! for "He played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

BILL ARP.

Lynching Brings Lawlessness.

News and Observer.

The lynching of the two negro boys at Salisbury is a circumstance to be deplored, and this because with it goes a spirit of lawlessness, the very thing which the lynchers are trying to stamp out.

The crime was a horrible one, and the sight of a young white woman, her brains oozing from her broken skull, beaten to pieces by rocks in the hands of vicious young brutes, was terrible enough to cause the wildest passions to animate the breasts of those who gazed at the piteous sight.

But the inhuman beasts had been found and the crime had been fastened upon them. They were in the hands of the law, and the courts of the State would have dealt with them. Their conviction, in view of the evidence which is at hand, seems certain, and, the pity of it is that a law abiding community has made these miscreants reap their harvest of death outside of the bounds of the law, and has thus violated the law itself.

Justice may miscarry at times, but in this case this seemed hardly probable. Pity it is that the passions of men could not have controlled themselves and waited for the vindication of the majesty of the law.

Governor Davis Joins the Church Again.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 8.—Governor Jefferson Davis to-day accepted the invitation of the Baptist Church of Russellville, his home, and rejoined that church.

The Governor's friends claim this is a vindication of him by his home people, against the action of the Second Baptist Church, of Little Rock, in withdrawing fellowship from him. It is alleged further by the Governor's friends, that the action taken by the Little Rock church was the result of resentment for the part he took in the race for the United States Senator.

Bumptious Negro Lawyer.

J. S. Leary, the negro attorney, of Charlotte, continues to parade himself and air his views. Before the Acting Recorder, Mr. Hilton, one day last week, he kept quoting law after the court had told him to quit. It was in the case of a gang of little negroes who were charged with malicious mischief at an ice cream supper. The court informed the negro that it knew its business and the negro replied that he did not have to be told his. A quietus was put on the negro attorney finally and his client found guilty.

STOLEN BY GYPSIES.

The Wonderful Story of Little Anita Bradley.

Up in the Sierra Mountains is a young girl who is the sensation of the hour. Every day wagon loads of visitors come to her father's cattle range. From Sugar Pine, Sonora and the ranches thereabouts they come to hear the wonderful story of Anita Bradley.

Ten years ago Anita Bradley mysteriously disappeared from Sugar Pine. Three weeks ago the Bradleys unexpectedly found their lost daughter with a band of strolling gypsies.

The events that led up to her kidnapping and the strange coincidences that brought about her recovery from the gypsies read like the libretto of the "Bohemian Girl," says the San Francisco Examiner.

When Anita Bradley was stolen by the gypsies she was a blue-eyed, sunny-haired child of 6 years, with never a care beyond her dolls.

Mrs. Bradley had taken Anita and her son, Marion, 4-year-old lad, into the woods gooseberrying. Mrs. Bradley kept Marion close at her side, but Anita, with the greater dignity of her six years, was permitted to wander a little distance. Presently she failed to answer her mother's calls. Then Mrs. Bradley became alarmed, and, with Marion strumbling along beside her, she hurriedly made a circuit of the berry patch. She found Anita's half-filled pail and her blue sunbonnet, but no other traces of the child. Could she have venturned down to the river to get a drink? Half dragging, half carrying, the frightened, tired little Marion, the mother hastened down where a swift-running fork of the Tuolumne hurries on to join the main stream.

When night came and Anita was not yet found cowboys on the range joined a searching party. They roamed the woods till dawn and then, with sinking hearts turned again to the river. It was the only solution of the mystery.

Mrs. Bradley refused to believe that Anita had been drowned. On the fourth day of the search the men gave up the hunt. That night in her fitful sleep, Mrs. Bradley saw Anita playing a tambourine before a motley crowd. The child passed a little red can around for small coins and handed the money to a swarthy woman who wore a gray scarf tied around her head and huge gold hoops dangling in her ears.

"The gypsies! the gypsies!" cried Mrs. Bradley, and awoke her husband to tell him of her dream. "I knew Anita was not drowned. I felt it all along. The gypsies have stolen her." For 10 long years Mrs. Bradley clung to this idea, while others thought it but the natural impulse of a heart-broken mother to clutch at a straw. Everybody else believed that the child had been drowned.

Mrs. Bradley's hope was not the creature of a grief tortured brain. A month before Anita's disappearance a band of gypsies had camped on the Bradley range. They had traveled down the Bodie road from Nevada and were making for Sonora, and thence down to the San Joaquin plains. The Bradley place is on a cut-off of the Bodie road, and when the gypsies straggled by the house burdened with a sick child and begged leave to pitch their tents near by Mr. Bradley could not refuse. But they were detected stealing later and were driven off. It was two weeks after this that Anita disappeared while berrying with her mother.

The years went by, but the mother never gave up all hope. Three weeks ago Mrs. Bradley drove down from the ranch to Sugar Pine. Half a mile from the cluster of pine trees that gives that place its name she came upon a camp of gypsies.

"I looked closely at the faces," she explained afterward to the friends who rode miles to hear the story, "but I did not recognize any of them as belonging to the band that had camped on our place when Anita disappeared. An old hag asked me whether I wanted my fortune told. While she was dealing a greasy pack of cards a frowsy-headed boy came up and said something to her. She mumbled an excuse and shuffled off to a tent. I asked the boy what was the matter and he told me that one of the girls was sick. It must have been my good angel who prompted me to follow the old woman.

"Inside the tent was a young girl rolled up in a bedquilt. Her short, golden-brown hair covered her face, but I brushed it gently away and saw the fever spots on her cheeks. I took the gourd of water from the crone and put it to her lips. She opened her eyes and I saw that they were blue like those of my lost child's, with the same straight, long black lashes.

"I could hardly hold the water, my hands trembled so. My heart said 'Anita,' but I did not dare let the name pass my lips for fear the old crone would get her away from me.

"'Now I tell fortune, come!' urged the old woman, moving toward the door. But the girl gave a cry and caught my hand. "'Let me stay with her awhile,' and slipped a half dollar into the woman's hand.

"Then I was left alone with the girl. I thought she would remember enough to give me some kind of clue. But no sooner had the tent flap closed than she gave a contented sigh, nestled closer to me and fell asleep with her head on my arm. I knew it was the best thing for her fever and I knew it was Anita, even if the golden hair had changed to brown. I knew it just as well as though Mr. Bradley"—

But right at this part of the story is where Mr. Bradley always breaks into his wife's narrative.

"You see," he says, "I was down in the canyon when I heard a shot. I knew it wasn't one of the boys. I guessed it was someone trying a little gun play on a steer. I made a bee-line for the spot where I heard the report of the gun and I got there in time to see a brown-skinned cuss dragging a yearling into the brush. I knew his game—to skin it, bury the hide and hoofs and salt away the beef. I covered him with my gun and said: 'You blank, gypsy, you'll go to jail for this!'

"I marched him to the corral to get one of the boys to help me to take him into town. The boys made him think they were going to string him up then and there. The fellow was so plumb scared that his teeth chattered. He fell at my feet and began to jabber something that I couldn't make out at first, but I caught a word or two and began to prick up my ears. Well, the truth of it was that he had belonged to the band that camped on my place ten years before, when Anita disappeared. A week after I had turned them off the woman's boy died of diphtheria. It was through no fault of mine, of course, for it was a stomach fever he had here, and he was all over it when I drove them off the place. But the old hag swore vengeance on us, and while the rest of the band waited for her down Kights Ferry way she stole back here and kidnapped Anita. She covered her tracks so smoothly no one ever guessed it.

"The fellow confessed that after the woman who stole Anita died he cared for her like a father. He fetched her with him when he joined this band and saw no harm ever came to her. I promised him I'd let him off if he was telling the truth and would lead us to 'Nita.

"All the way to the gypsy camp I was thinking how I'd prepare mother for the shock, but at the camp I found Mrs. Bradley with 'Nita asleep on her breast. 'Nita told us that the man really had been good to her, so I told them they'd better clean out before the authorities got wind that they had a stolen child with them."

So, for the first time in 10 years, there is rejoicing on the Bradley ranch. Anita is putting her life with the gypsies behind her and will soon be deep in neglected school-books.

"I'm still afraid it's a dream," she says, "and that I'll wake up and find myself with the gypsy band. It all seems too good to be true."

North Carolina "Corn" vs. Kentucky "Rye."

Washington Post.

An interesting discussion is in progress between Representative Wheeler of Kentucky and Representative Kitchen of North Carolina as to the relative merits of Kentucky "sour mash" whiskey, as it is called in that State, and "corn" whiskey, as it is known among the tar heels. Up to the present time Mr. Kitchen has the best of the argument, because he tells this story:

"Down in my district," he says, "a drummer happened to mention that he had been in Clinton county, Ohio. 'I have a brother living out there,' said a sad-eyed man, sitting on a box in the store, 'and if you ever see him I wish you would tell him that I am mighty hard up, my farm is mortgaged and I don't believe I will ever be able to educate my children. But, anyway,' he added 'let's take a drink.'

"So they took one drink of corn whiskey and then the sad eyed man had another message for his brother. 'Tell him,' he said, 'that I am getting along tolerably well, even though I haven't much money.'

"Then the drummer proposed another drink, and the sorrowful man grew happier. 'Tell my brother when you see him,' he remarked, 'that I am making a good living, getting along first-rate."

"After that there were several interchanges of hospitality, and the man, sad-eyed no longer, addressed the drummer. "Tell my brother when you see him,' was his final message, 'that if he ever wants anything to draw on me."

"If that doesn't beat anything you can produce in Kentucky," said Kitchin to Wheeler, "I will send you a case with my compliments."

Aged Man Burned to Death.

WILMINGTON, June 7.—News reached the city this morning of the tragic death at Point Caswell, of Mr. Joseph McLaurin, aged 80 years, and brother of Mr. John McLaurin, until a few years ago editor of The North Carolina Presbyterian. Mr. McLaurin lived alone and during the night his house caught fire and burned to the ground. Neighbors got to the scene as the building fell in. Later the remains of the old man, in a terribly charred condition, were taken from the ruins and brought to the city for interment. The deceased was a native of Wilmington, well educated, cultured and was for many years teller in the local banks.

Born in a Penitentiary and Returned There Later in Life.

Petersburg, Va., Dispatch.

Cleveland Booth, a negro youth, 16 years old, was taken through this city recently, to serve a sentence of five years in the penitentiary for the crime of house-breaking, of which he was convicted in the county court of Surry. The remarkable feature about the case is that Booth was born in the penitentiary where his mother was serving a sentence for murder, and where she died. He now returns to the house of his nativity to serve and labor as a convict.

Want no Color Line in Church.

DENVER, Colo., June 9.—Representatives of Denver colored churches at a called meeting, have adopted resolutions declaring they will remain away from the International Sunday School Convention, to be held in this city, and will notify colored delegates throughout the country not to attend unless an order restricting them to a certain section of the church is withdrawn. The executive committee's action in making the restriction is characterized as "unjust discrimination."

Strange that he who lives by shifts can seldom shift himself.

KIVERED AND UNKIVERED PIE.

New York Sun.

A few weeks ago certain students of Butler College, Indiana, flung into the world this apple of strife:

"Resolved, That pie is of greater service to civilization than ice cream."

It was publicly charged that the jury which decided against pie was bribed by ice cream. Even the most charitable friends of the jury admitted that it had listened not to reason, but to gallantry, the young women of the college being the champions of ice cream in the debate. From Butler College the great argument spread over the country. Patriotism, logic and fact flew to the side of pie, whose long and splendid service as the mother of heroes and the nurse of statesmen has been gratefully and generally recognized. But even pie eaters are not infallible. The New Orleans Times-Democrat, which ranged itself in opposition in the ice cream discussion, shows itself to be no genuine friend of man-ennobling pie. The Charlotte Observer, a bulwark and battery of pie, has been reviewing pleasantly the classifications of the pie kingdom along the banks of the Yadkin:

"In Rowan county, N. C., they are of three varieties, known as kivered, unkivered and barred."

The New Orleans friend of pie uses this interesting scientific fact as the text for an attack on pie and for an attempt "to inject sectionalism" into that national and catholic dish:

"It is true that in Rowan county these three species are recognized, but the people of Rowan county are sturdy Americans and they eat only one sort of pie themselves—the unkivered. The barred pie may be dismissed without discussion, being a mere compromise, a pabulum for colorless individuals who are the mugwumps of the dining room. The kivered pie, in Rowan county, as in all distinctively American communities, is prepared for strangers, and is not eaten by the natives. The Rowanese would as readily drink the juice of the corn on which excise tax had been paid as to eat kivered pie, which is distinctively a product of New England civilization, and has no place in the simpler and more democratic State where tar adheres to the heels of the people. The true Tarheel, the descendants of the men who made the charge up King's Mountain, the Majuba Hill of this continent, take their pie unkivered. They will not touch the kivered abomination, which appeals only to those who have reached the first stages of the ice cream heresy. The most democratic of all pies and the most popular in all truly American communities is the punkin pie, and that is never kivered down South even by the most dudish of chefs."

Evidently these are the words of a man who doesn't know pie, who wasn't brought up on pie, whose youth was not sustained, whose age will not be soothered by pie. The "kivered" pie, apple or mince, for example, stands high in the royal family of pie. Its triumphant composition requires of the artist higher qualities of head and heart, a more delicate touch, a higher strain of genius, a sublimer imagination than the composition of the punkin pie. There must be magic in the upper crust of it. Ah, that delicious, finely flaking upper crust, designed by a deep-revolving brain and fashioned by a sensitive hand, a cate Queen Mab would be glad to nibble! Punkin pie is a noble pie, albeit we don't suppose the New Orleans critic ever ate a real punkin pie or would know one from the common squash substitute therefor; but there goes much more skill to the making of a mince pie. Within the fortunate inwards of that president of pies are strange dainties and spices and Dr. Johnson's drink of heroes. The elements are so mixed in it that nature may stand up and say to all the world, this is a pie. A great mince pie is a masterpiece. Your punkin pie is a good homely subject, a Tanagra figurine.

Be that as it may, "kivered" pie is a national blessing. Were it distinctively a product of New England, New England could afford to go out of business, happy in the thought that it had conferred a priceless gift upon mankind. Probably punkin pie is more characteristic of New England than any kivered pie, be it mince, apple or huckleberry. But Rowan county and all other sensible folks will never quarrel about the origin of successful pie, barred, kivered or unkivered. They will take the gifts the gods provide.

Dog Saved the Property.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 6.—The barking of a watch dog, which aroused the keeper on Castle Pinckney, the new government supply station, prevented a fearful conflagration last night. The noise awakened Captain Whitley, and as he rushed out he found fire raging in the oil house, where 15,000 gallons of kerosene were stored. There is no fire apparatus on the little island and the Whitely family, including two small girls, had to tackle the flames. The wooden casks, in which tin cans of oil were stored, caught fire and, taking desperate chancef, the Whitely's rolled these out into the sea. By heroic work, which was carried on at great risk, all of the blazing casks were thrown overboard and the new station property was saved.

Had the alarm not been sounded by the dog, the oil house would have exploded within ten minutes and the entire premises would have been wiped out.

In the Federal Court at Raleigh last week J. T. Corbett, late postmaster at Selma, Johnston county, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for stealing registered packages and letters containing valuables. Jos. Exum, former postmaster at Four Oaks, Johnston county, was sentenced to six months in jail for embezzling $659 of the postoffice funds. He had returned all of the money but $20.

THE TRAINED NURSE.

Statesville Landmark.

A few days ago Miss Margaret. B. Boyd, a young woman who was formerly a nurse in Watts Hospital, Durham, died in Baltimore from the effects of a blow which she received from a delirious patient whom she nursed in the Durham hospital. The death of this young woman calls attention to a profession—a noble, self-sacrificing one—to which so many young women have dedicated their lives in recent years. It is doubtful if the work of the trained nurse is appreciated as it should be. These women who devote their lives to sick rooms are ministering angels. No matter what their motive for engaging in the work, if they faithfully perform its duties they deserve the honor of men and the everlasting reward reserved for those who spent their lives in relieving suffering. The physical and mental strain, the dangerous, trying experiences which one must undergo in constant attendance on sick rooms requires more than the ordinary powers of endurance, of intelligence, of patience and or love for humanity. It means practically a sacrifice of the pleasures of life which young women usually enjoy; it means, in short, a life of work for which no remuneration except the knowledge of duty well done can adequately compensate.

Every experienced physician will tell you that in the great majority of cases of illness careful nursing is the important thing: that no matter how skilfu the physician, in many instances a patient's life is lost puerly for lack of proper care and attendance in the absence of the phpsician. And what a burden do these trained nurses take from the shoulders of those in a home where there is sickness! They see that the physician's directions are faithfully followed and assume all the care of a patient. By reason of their training and skill they do what experienced hands cannot do, no matter how anxious and willing these may be. All hail to these Sisters of Mercy, the trained nurses! This one who lost her life in the discharge of duty is as deserving of a monument as any of the great captains who have won fame and renown by doing nother more—their duty. It is to the everlasting credit of the young woman of the South that so many of them are giving their lives to this great work.

Modern Elijah's Sore Trial.

Biblical Recorder.

Many of our readers have heard of Dowie, the Chicago man who claims to be Elijah come again, and who is a great following. They will read this paragraph from the Journal and Messenger with interest:

"No one is glad that George Alexander Dowie, the alleged mountebank, is suffering from a great affliction. All who heard of it deeply sympathize with him in the death by burning of a beloved daughter. But a great shock must be given to his followers, as well as to his own assurance, by the fact that, though he spent a day and a night in prayer for her recovery, no answer came. The girl of 21 was heating curling irons, to curl her hair, over an alcohol lamp, when it exploded and set her clothing on fire, burning her fatally. She lingered for about twenty hours. No physician was summoned until it was altogether too late, and she died in great agony while her father was praying for her recovery. We do not gibe nor jeer at him. His sincerity was put to a severe test, and he withstood it well. But everything was at stake. Had he called a physician at the outset all his pretense would have been exposed and he would have been ruined in a day. There was only one thing to do, and he was equal to that. He must stand firm as a savage is firm under torture. Only just before death came was a doctor sent for. No doubt Dowie will have an explanation, and those who have attached themselves to him will still continue to defend him. But this last illustration of the falsity of his theory will keep many from going who otherwise might have risked money and life to benefit by his method of healing."

Printers' Blunders.

Chambers' Journal.

Printers are responsible for many charming mistakes, and some of them admit the fact. Witness the volume of sermons recently published which contained the startling admission: "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." Of course it should have been "princes;" but no doubt the compositor was satisfied, but I don't complain.

Parsons are the especial butts for the jokes of the merry typesetter. A Methodist minister is reported to have said: "Methodism is elastic, expansive and progressive." Was it sheer wickedness that made the printer substitute e for a, altering "expensive" to the more shocking term? The bishop of St. Asaph, addressing his old parishioners some time ago at charleston, referred to his "younger and rasher days." He was naturally reported as having spoken of his "younger and masher days." No wonder John McNeill said that when he took up the daily papers and read his reported utterances he always sighed, "Verily, we die daily!"

He Forgot His Bank Deposit.

New York Sun.

Martin Anderson of Hoboken deposited $200 in the bank of Savings at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, Manhattan, in 1840. He lost or mislaid the bank book, and when he died didn't mention anything about it to his family. Recently his daughters saw a newspaper advertisement requesting Anderson or his heirs to call at the bank. There they learned that the deposit made by their father now amounts with interest to more than $3,000.

STATE NEWS.

Mr. Wm. Powell, a Wake county farmer, aged about 60 years, dropped dead Friday while plowing in the field.

Lightning struck and burned a stable on Col. J. S. Carr's Occoneechee farm in Orange county Saturday afternoon. The loss is said to be $2,000.

The postoffice at King's Mountain was robbed Wednesday night. The safe was forced open and about $75 in cash and $700 worth of postage stamps were taken.

Eighty-one applicants for license to practice medicine, two of whom are ladies and six are negroes, were examined by the State board of medical examiners at Wilmington last week.

So far as is known the only lady rural free delivery carrier is in Congressman Kluttz's district. Miss Nicholson has been carrying the mail over a route from Statesville for some months and has given entire satisfaction.

Editor Jos. Robinson, of Goldsboro, and Mr. Chas. L. Abernethy, of Beaufort, who were candidates for the Democratic congressional nomination in the third district, have withdrawn and the unanimous renomination of Congressman Thomas, of New Berne, is now assured. Mr. Thomas is serving his second term.

The famous Amos Owen Cherry Tree case was called in the Federal Court at Charlotte, Monday afternoon at three o'clock. The case attracted a large crowd to the court room and it will be heard with much interest. In the list of witnesses that the government has subpœned are about twenty ladies from this and other sections of the State.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the North Carolina Dental Society will be held in Raleigh on Thursday, June 19th, at 10 o'clock in the Senate chamber. The address of welcome will be delivered by Governor Aycock and the response will be by Dr. H. D. Harper, of Kinston. The essayist of the meeting is Dr. J. S. Betts, of Greensboro.

In the baseball game at Wilmington Monday between the Wilmington and Raleigh league teams, Treager, of Raleigh, spat in the face of Fisher, of Willmington, who shoved him away with his hand, wherepun Treager struck him in the back with a bat. Treager is in jail and Fisher in the hospital badly injured.

The sixth annual convention of the North Carolina Banker's Association will be held June 17th and 18th at Savannah, Ga., in onjunction with the State Banker's Association of Georgia and Virginia. The program for this interesting interstate convention is now being issued, and the convention promises to be a great occasion for financial men throughout the entire South.

Seymour Hancock, postmaster at New Berne, who wants to be reappointed, is charged with gambling and he was in Washington last week trying to explain just how it was. The charge is in the form of a copy of an indictment and is in effect that he played pool for money. Hancock has an affidavit from the owner of the pool room that no gambling was indulged in save that the loser, as usual, paid for the game. Of course nobody would expect the owner of the pool room to admit that there was gambling in his place.

Negroes Dying Out in Cuba.

Philadelphia Medical Journal.

The negro question seems to be in a fair way to settle itself in Cuba without recourse to aid of Philanthropic societies or governmental regulations. Major Gorgas tells us in his report on the vital statistics of the cities of Havana and Guanabacoa that during the month of January in those cities the native whites showed an excess of 188 births over deaths, that is, the figures were 457 and 269, whereas the native negroes showed an excess of 53 deaths over births; that is to say, figures were 128 and 70. The figures for the year 1901 are even more significant. During the twelve months the native whites lost 513, making a total gain for the natives of 1,227 inhabitants. The deaths of foreigners brought the difference down exactly one, although it must be remembered that the number of foreigners dying indicates that the city is gaining rapidly in population by immigration. If this keeps up for a reasonable length of time there will soon be no negroes left in Cuba, and this notwithstanding the fact that the difficulty of obtaining marriage licenses does not appear to have any deterrent effect upon the increase of the negro population, because of all births among negroes fifty-seven were legitimate and only thirteen were illegitimate.

North Carolina Preparing to Celebrate the Event.

The official and the executive committee of the State Library and Historical Association met in Raleigh last week and arranged for securing a charter for the Roanoke Island Celebration Company. It is proposed to start with $10,000 and to have 100 contributions, one in each county, each giving $100. It is quite possible that the officers and the committee will visit the island July 4th. There will be no celebration this year of the anniversary of the landing on Roanoke island, but the plan now is to have a great one next year.

Corn and Cotton in Texas Suffering from Drought.

DALLAS, Tex., June 13.—The drought which has existed throughout Texas for nearly four weeks is damaging the corn and cotton crops materially. In some districts the hot winds have literally ruined the crop. In Dallas and vicinity the season has been unusually hot and dry and for the past week the thermometer has registered ninety or above each day.